I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposd, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?
Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence:
The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse me noble father laide on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers frow his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,
Dorf. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Qu. Ma. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my woefull banishment,
Could all but answer for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As our by murder, to make him a King.

Edward thy sonne, which now is P
For Edward my son, which was Pri
Die in his youth, by like vntimely
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that wa
Out liue thy glory, like my wretche
Long maist thou liue to waile thy
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art sta
Long die thy happie daies before t
And after many lengthened houre
Die neither mother, wife, nor Engl
Riuers and Dorset, you were stande
And so was thou Lord Hastings, w
Was stabd with bloody daggers, G
That none of you may liue your n
But by some vnlookt accident cut
Glo. Haue done thy charme tho
Qu. M. And leaue out thee? stay
If heauen haue any greeuous plag
Exceeding those that I can wish v
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes b
And then hurle downe their indig
On thee the troubler of the poore
The worme of conscience still beg
Thy friends suspect for traytors w
And take deepe traytors for thy de
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye
Vnlesse it be whilst some torment
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly d
Thou eluish markt, abortiue root
Thou that wast seald in thy natiui
The slaue of nature, and the sonne
Thou slaunder of thy mothers he
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers
Thou rag of honour, thou deteste
Glo. Margaret.
Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* H
Qu. M. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I crie thee mercy: fo

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